"We weep not then for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed.
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some acts of goodness every day;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late-declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy; every day, he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord,
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

ms. B. 1. 6 v. 13, p. 105